

E. H. Mutton

# Macdonald College



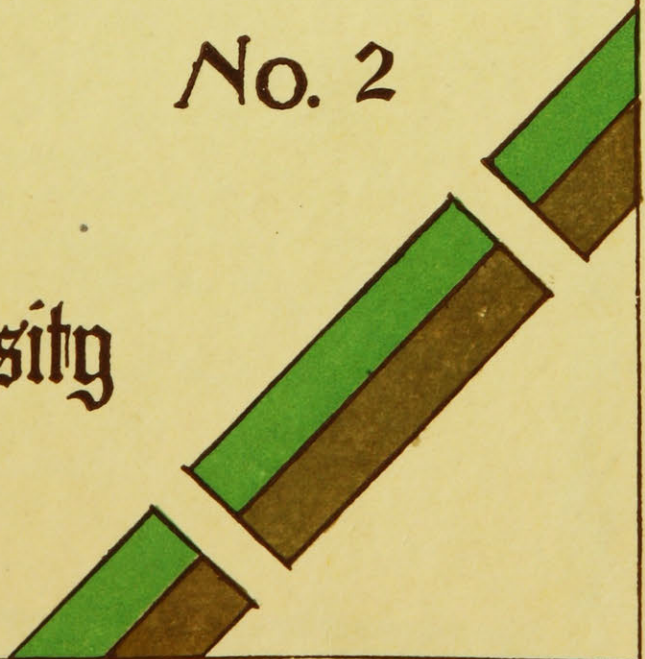
## Magazine

Winter Issue

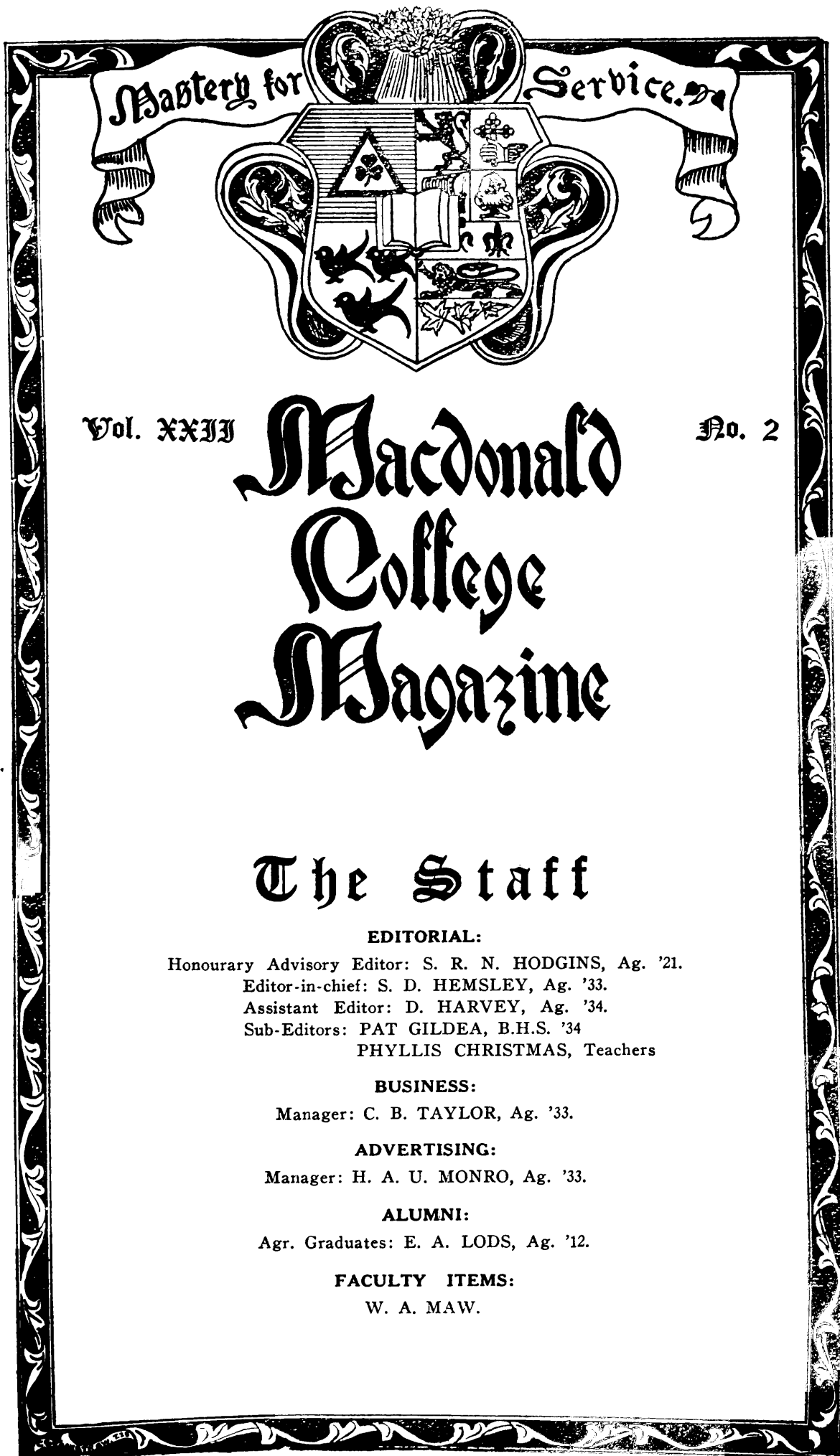
VOL. 22

No. 2

McGill University







Mastery for

Service.



Vol. XXXIII

# Macdonald College Magazine

No. 2

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W. A. MAW.

# Macdonald College Magazine

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THE  
MACDONALD COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE

*"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"*

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

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VOL. XXII

WINTER

No. 2

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AFTER some reflection on this year's open activities and mumbled suggestions we found ourselves, in our search for material for an editorial, engrossed in a matter which, for the moment, we will call "It."

Graduates comment on the need for it; past magazines have pleaded for it; a previous Council almost secured it; and present students seemingly want it.

What, then, is it?

Simply a place where students may meet socially as members of one College.

To ask for a house, or special extra accommodation at a time when economy is the watchword would be absurd; but no extra expense would be incurred in using more fully facilities we already have. But here we are in difficulty. The foyer, alcove and reception rooms of the Girls' residence seem to be the only suitable accommodation; and a residence has a cherished privacy. Would it be too much to ask that these places be available for all students at any time from the close of afternoon lectures until 8 p.m.?

It *would* be asking much of the Girls', and they would have obvious and justified reasons for disagreement. But until better times permit us to make other requests, where are we to turn? Is it a matter worthy of temporary sacrifice by some? Discussion alone can decide.

Were the students able to meet socially within the College without special arrangements having to be made, one may reasonably assume that all College societies would work together more as one harmonious whole to the benefit of all, rather than as jealous entities understanding little of the problems of each other as is the case at present.

The big cry seems to be lack of student interest in student activities; and it is not to be wondered at when we consider the facilities we have for co-operation.

The men (and presumably the women also) return to their rooms after supper, and those concerned with the welfare of student activities lounge about on beds in rooms haphazardly chosen, and evolve schemes which have to undergo the dampen-process of postponement until such times as they can come up for formal discussion. Spontaneity is lost, and interest flags.

There is talent in the College, and there is willingness; but conditions prohibit the functioning of that essential item for the success of our undertakings—the eagerness for immediated co-operative action.

This generation of students has not much time to do anything really constructive. But could not we set the ball rolling?

\* \* \*

### FOUNDER'S DAY

February the tenth is perhaps the one day in the scholastic year, when it is more than just our pleasure, it is our duty, to look back for inspiration and guidance to the example that our Founder has set us. It is the anniversary of the founding of our College; and this year, the twenty-fifth year since Macdonald opened its doors, held a particular significance, as the quarter centenary of the event. The occasion was celebrated as a holiday, and at six o'clock the entire student body collected in the Dining Hall for dinner and afterwards moved over to the Assembly Hall where an address was given by the Principal.

Sir Arthur Currie, in his speech, which has been distributed in its entirety to graduates and students, payed an eloquent tribute to the memory of the personality and the great life work of Sir William Macdonald, and struck the keynote of the spirit of the ceremony by voicing the definite purpose for which it was held, the purpose of doing honour to the memory of a great man and a great Canadian.

After the address, a concert was given which included vocal and instrumental selections. The Royal Bank Men's Choir gave part-songs which were well received; while Mr. Maurice Onderet, violinist, Mr. Lucien Plamonden, violoncellist, and Mr. Walter Clapperton, baritone, were very much appreciated.

Acknowledgment must be made to the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Stewart who made the celebration possible.

## *On Mount Royal*

*I stood bewitched by twilight on the Mount,  
I gazed and with bewilderment was filled:  
I felt some guardian hand the earth had stilled  
And lordly eloquence reigned all around.  
Below, the city in her evening cloak  
Of dove-grey mistiness, sought sweet repose:  
When, like a firefly ball, beneath me rose  
The twinkling gleam of lights that soon outbroke!  
And then, my mind before its vision cast  
The twinkling I have seen, the youthful glow,  
The lighting, slowly fill young visages  
As I imparted deeds of long ago:  
Then looked they as the city in its mist  
When suddenly the lamps its drabness kissed.*

—S. S. Borodensky.

### **The Late Major W. H. Hayward**

It was with profound regret that Diploma students from the other side learned of the death of Major W. H. Hayward.

Wherever it was that one met him—at School, in his office, or while he was making one of his many trips up and down the Old Country, one was impressed with his vigorous and pleasing personality. His happy optimism was infectious; yet he was in no way misleading in pointing out what was expected in the Dominion he loved so well.

Major Hayward, who was 64 years of age, was born at Dover, went out to the United States at the age of eighteen, and thence to British Columbia, where he later owned a farm. He was elected a member of the British Columbia Parliament in 1900, and in 1908 was appointed Deputy Speaker. For two years he was Acting Speaker. When the War broke out Major Hayward joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and while serving in France was re-elected at the Provincial General Election. He was a Member of Parliament for seventeen years, for fourteen of which he was chairman of the Agricultural Committee.

## MODERN JOURNALISM

As has possibly been said before, in these days of pep and bustle, of hurry and bustle, it behoves everyone to keep abreast of the times. And to what is this more applicable today than journalism? Foremost in this line is our great contemporary the *Montreal Daily Blah*, and in comparison with this omnipotent journal, it strikes us that the Macdonald College Magazine always falls woefully short. There is not enough of the stunt, the slogan, or the glaring headline about the *Magazine* to warrant its boasting of a net circulation of 733 (or whatever it may be) copies. What we suggest is that something of the following kind be published.

### DESPERATE DAREDEVILS DO IN DOORS

**Men's Residence Scene of Reckless Abandon. Blood in the  
Corridors, Gee! I Laughed**

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**75 DUMPED - 65 BADLY**

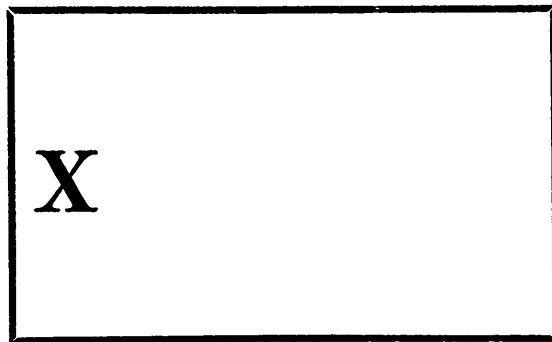
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#### **More Nervous Members Recovering Slowly**

(From our Special Correspondent)

An occurrence unparalleled in the history of the College took place last night in the early hours of the morning, when a band of lawless students in the Men's Residence, ran rampant to vent their ferocity on several doors which gave way before the onslaught.

At the time of going to press it is impossible to give the names of the ringleaders, and it is understood that the verdict at the forthcoming inquiry will be, "Destruction by some Hog or Swine unknown."



X marks the spot where no body was found.

Keeping before us service to our readers, our staff photographer, on securing his picture, immediately chartered a fast car to Montreal. Thence the precious negative was rushed by fast

monoplane to New York, where it was transferred to the Mauretania. From Southampton it was flashed by television twice round the world finally reaching Montreal, whence the last few miles were covered in the College van.

We hope, in an early issue, to be able to disclose the names of the criminals, together with their past records.

The authorities, it is understood, already have several clues, and sensational disclosures are expected in the near future. Although this wanton piece of vandalism is absolutely in contravention of the Laws of the House-Committee, and as such is liable to involve the offenders in serious claims for damages, the Magazine is glad to be able to inform its vast public that it will pay all fines in this connection.

*Our Policy — Defender of Door-Damagers.*

For the last twenty-five years the go-ahead policy of the Magazine has been favourable to the promotion of door-destruction.

*Over \$500,000 in Awards*

During this period the Magazine has awarded over \$500,000 in prizes for notable and daring feats of door-destruction. The Magazine now proposes to distribute the unprecedented sum of

\$100,000

to the ring-leaders of the upheaval, when discovered.

*WHAT THE MAGAZINE IS DOING FOR ITS READERS.*

In order to show all members of the newspaper-reading public what vast resources lie behind the Magazine and how it is prepared to back up its policy, the Magazine proposed to:—

- a. Pay all fines inflicted.
- b. Pay for the broken doors.
- c. Provide 60,000,000 new doors on which the breakers may practice.
- d. Offer a prize of \$200,000 to anyone who will break six more doors.

\* \* \*

This we submit, for what it is worth, as a suggestion to improve our College Magazine, and to aid such students as are given to a vigorous and hearty expression of the spring feeling, even though it should occur in the depth of winter.

—H. Miller.



Prospective teachers are warned against small boys who plead, as an excuse for being late, that they saw a notice reading "Mind the Steam Roller."

## A RHETORICAL PASSAGE

IT is not pleasant to realize that every word one may say will be used as evidence for prosecution, nor to remember that as soon as the mouth is opened somebody puts his foot in it. Therefore, Mr. Editor, I am feeling considerable trepidation in submitting to you my report on the journey of some five thousand miles undertaken as the College representative whose lightest saying abroad might take on the the complexion of 'the voice of Macdonald?' May I remark that, at times, the strain of playing the part of a Cheshire cat and existing only as a mouth is greater than many imagine?

Before commenting on the adventures of the expedition, it would perhaps be pertinent to explain that the debating tour, on which I had had the honour to represent the College, with Mr. Hoddinott, of Mount Allison University, as my colleague, was conducted by the National Federation of Canadian University Students. This federation includes a number of universities in Canada. The support contributed to the federation is extracted from the member institutions by the painless method of deducting each year from the student activity subscription of each individual. A speech to which your representative was subjected at the University of Toronto included the key phrase, reiterated emphatically by heavy thumps on the table, "Are the fruits worth the cost?" The fruits of the National Federation are the formation of a central nucleus for the exchange of ideas between the wide-flung universities of Canada a scheme permitting selected undergraduates to do their third-year work at colleges away from home and, most familiar, the dispatch of loquacious individuals to make their universities known by debating all over the country. These are the major activities of the federation, and with these the majority of the universities visited expressed themselves satisfied. May I suggest, sir, that its increased usefulness would be achieved by the dissemination among its members of the knowledge of its existence?

But let the tour begin.

On the University of Toronto, within whose precincts we passed the following morning, it would be almost impertinent to comment following but two days' stay. The correct thing for the visitor to do is to praise the buildings and laud the equipment. But, more important than 'Varsity's material goods, complete though they be, is the sensation that the U. of T., besides owning a football squad and a hockey team and a basket-ball club and a boxing association and a dozen other sporting groups, is, beyond all this, a university in the real sense of the word. A magnificent refectory hall is important to a college; but a sketch club contributing something real to Canadian art is more important. It is pleasant to see a tiled swimming pool a hundred feet long, but more pleasant to know that a voluntary undergraduate orchestra gives concerts each week.

A visit to 'Varsity emphasizes strongly a drawback which is Macdonald's to conquer. 'Varsity is a great university with varied and vigorous life and thought; while Macdonald is one college of a university, and is largely cut off from the forward-moving spirit of that university. Let us then cultivate a Macdonald school of thought. For do we not consider ourselves university men and women?

Debating at the University of Toronto is conducted under the parliamentary system. Imagine, a lofty hall with windows embellished with college crests, and stone pillars decorated with heraldic designs. At the end of the chamber Mr. Speaker, in cap and gown, sits on a carved oak throne. In front of him is the clerk of the House. On the Speaker's right, heading a hoard of undergraduates, sitizens of Toronto and anyone else who is of the opinion that "Competition has Retarded

the Progress of the World," sit the Cabinet—the two 'Varsity debaters. Facing them on the Speaker's left are those people weak-minded enough to imagine that the principle of competition has *not* retarded the progress of the world.

As soon as the first four speakers had concluded, the back benchers, allowed a statutory five minutes a-piece, threw themselves with gusto into the fray, some speaking from one side of the House and some from the other.

Mr. Editor, I am sure you will agree with me that it is odious to dwell on reports of a debate in which one has taken a part one's self, therefore I will cut short my remarks on that fatal night by quoting the head-lines of the 'Varsity newspaper of the following morning. "Debaters Bear up under Pressure of Heckler's continued Barrage."

May I be permitted to say that of all the speechmaking of the tour, this remains in my mind the one debate that *was* a debate?

As Macdonald is to McGill, so O.A.C. is to Toronto. Unfortunately local arrangements rendered a debate impossible. Perhaps we may say that it is an ill wind that blows no good at all. Besides, at O.A.C. the first opportunity arose of making use of the main standby of all good visiting debaters. I refer to the remark:—"But Mr. Zilch, how beautiful your campus must be in the summer!"

The last visit, in what may loosely be termed Eastern Canada, was to the University of Western Ontario at London. Here your representative had the opportunity of watching a singularly handsome cheerleader, in a mauve sweater, conduct a singularly complicated cheer, in a skating rink. On the strength of this, no doubt, the debate was won.

Western hospitality is proverbial and, after two dreary days spent in travelling from London, Ont., to Chicago, Ill., from Chicago, Ill., to St. Paul, Minn., and from St. Paul, Minn., to Winnipeg, Man., the welcome offered by the University of Manitoba was doubly acceptable. One cannot analyse the Western friendliness. Its existence cannot be proved algebraically. And, although no one has ever heard of a visiting debater who has *not* received a "warm welcome" wherever he has been, there is something about the Western warmth which seems to make it warmer than ordinary brands.

The Winnipeg debate took place in a crowded theatre. The audience was quick and eager, ready to see a point and able to see a point dropped—ideal from the speakers' point of view—and the debate was lost after a good fight, on a vote from the house. Our hosts at once administered an anaesthetic in the form of a dance, and it was, therefore, with pleasant memories that the team toured on.

It was our loss, in more ways than one, that our stay at the University of Saskatchewan was brief. The business manager of your magazine, in his thoughtful way, had forwarded a clipping from the U. of S. paper proclaiming that the visiting debaters were to be entertained at a dance following the debate. But the secretary of the N.F.C.U.S. had also forwarded a letter to the effect that the debate at Edmonton had been put forward a day, and the transcontinental train would be held twenty minutes to be available for us after the Saskatoon debate. Life is like that. We arrived at Saskatoon at 7.30 a.m., debated and left at 11 p.m. The subject for debate was: Resolved that Life is Futile. Before he left, Mr. Hoddinott sent a wire to his university saying "Life is futile." The following week he was credited in the Mount Allison paper with having lost!

From the University of Alberta at Edmonton, where the team was honoured by the presence of Premier Brownlee as a judge of the debate, and where the pleasure of the visit was marred only by an injudicious visitor remarking: "But Mr. Zilch, I *do* think your campus

must be wonderful in June," only to receive the answer: "That isn't our campus, that's municipal building land,"—the scene shifts to Calgary. Perhaps the fact that the debate: "Resolved that Conditions in Canada are Fundamentally Sound," took place in a large church—surroundings somewhat unfamiliar to your representative—may in part explain the loss of the argument to the Young Conservative Association. Be that as it may, our hosts and victors, two amiable, though rising, young lawyers from Calgary, carried us off immediately after what the press glossily described as "the national forensic tourney", to a reception which ended only at midnight. At this hour your representative, being a good Macdonald student, assumed that the party would go to its individual beds. Our hosts however suggested that they drive us to the Turner Valley oilfield, which, though fifty miles from the city, is plainly visible as a red glow in the night sky. The valley itself runs between the low barren hills, the first foothills of the mighty Rockies glimmering in the distance. The scene at the oilfield resembles a giant army encamped. The natural gas rushing from the wells is set on fire, and burns in tremendous, smoky flares, each towering thirty feet in the air and roaring like an express train. From the crown of each hill a new constellation of flames can be seen extending further down the valley. The country round is bare—only the derricks of the wells stick up like broken windmills—and everywhere the sultry light flickering on the snow turns night into ruddy day.

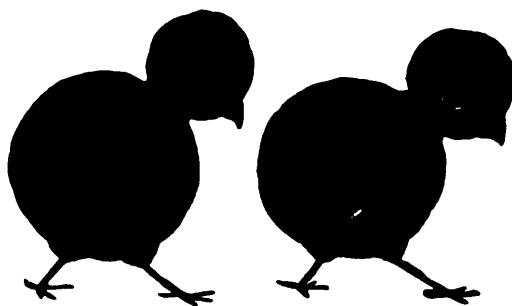
Following Calgary came Regina, where once again the debate was held in church.

The last visit was to McMaster University at Hamilton, Ontario.

May I, Mr. Editor, before concluding, attempt to justify my selection as the representative of Macdonald by making, as the result of my travels, two suggestions? The first, which I should like to emphasize with all my force, is that a common room, which could be freely used by all students, is essential to the best welfare of Macdonald as a university college. And Mr. Editor, bear with me when I urge that it should come in our time. In this connection two possibilities come to mind: that a carpet, couches and easy chairs be provided in a part of the "Foyer," and students of all schools be allowed to talk and smoke here during the afternoons and in the evening until eight; or that the present sitting rooms in the Women's Building be made available for this purpose. At present those precious moments after lunch and immediately before supper are spent, perforce, talking in the passages or lounging on a bed. As students our stay here is short; have we then not the right to be urgent?

My second suggestion is that we undergraduates of Macdonald should cultivate a more active pride and should develop that noble, self-conscious chestiness, as it were, when we think or speak of this college of ours. I would not presume to enumerate to you the merits of our own institution. Our buildings and equipment are proverbial throughout Canada, our present good name and college spirit are up to ourselves. Were you asking my opinion of Macdonald, Mr. Editor, in the light of comparison with other Canadian colleges, I should say emphatically, "You may fare farther, and find worse."

—Magnus Pyke.



## ON GHOSTS

**D**URING the past few years there has been a marked decline in the popularity of ghosts. Authorities differ as to the cause of their fall from grace, but it is certainly through no fault of the spirits themselves. They still put their hearts in their work; their screams are as blood-curdling as formerly, and their actions are, if anything, more terrifying than of yore. Despite all their efforts, people have become so "civilized" that if the ghost of their great-great-grandfather sits on the foot of the bed and screeches at them, they think that they forgot to turn the radio off and are listening to static or a jazz orchestra. No wonder many ghosts have been known to fade away under such irreverence!

Another cause of the present disregard of these supernatural beings is the extreme modernism that pervades the New World. No well-brought-up shade will feel at home in a steam-heated apartment; and futuristic furniture and electricity are enough to dampen the ardour of the most enthusiastic spirit.

During the current depression, many families have been forced to give up their spectres, and to take in boarders instead. As you know, it costs a lot of money to keep an apparition contented. It is true that no nourishment is expected, but a room must be not only set aside for his use, but decorated and furnished to suit his peculiar needs. A bedroom or a library is preferred. If your spook selects the library you are in luck, because all you have to do is to let the dust collect and put a few secret panels here and there. The bedroom, however, is another matter. It must be very large, very dark and full of old-fashioned furniture. An ordinary room won't do; it must be the Red Room, the Blue Room, or more seldom, the Green, Brown, or Purple Room. It is better if a thunderstorm can be supplied at frequent intervals—an extravagance regrettably beyond the reach of most of us.

And remember, this room must be used only as a guest room. It is always the guest who hears the moans and sees the blood-drops on the carpet. If a member of the family detects the Presence, he should be wise enough to feign ignorance, except when Mr. Ghost is foretelling disaster, or haunting somebody with a guilty conscience.

There are many types of apparitions, ranging from the king who beheaded his favourite wives and comes back to mourn their death, to the robber your ancestor shot for stealing the silver.

In between are the spectres that appear to prophesy misfortune, and those who aid and abet the mediums by telling you that Cousin George sends his love from the Great Beyond. Even if you haven't a Cousin George, this is bound to make an impression on you, and some people have even gone so far as to marry into a family where there is one, so as not to hurt the poor ghost's feelings!

Then there is the ghost who is always looking for something. He is apt to get in the way, and frequently disturbs the children. He is, notwithstanding, very harmless, and, if treated properly, is a great help when unwelcome visitors come. His fiendish wailings will send the most stout-hearted away from your door, never to return. I once knew an apparition of this type. He had been murdered and buried under the cottage at which we were staying. His slayers had unfortunately forgotten to put his white kid gloves in the grave with him, and poor Mr. Stewart (we later discovered that his Christian name was Henry) is forced to spend his nights searching for them. Out of the goodness of our hearts we used to have gloves lying in conspicuous places on tables or under the beds. You should have heard the howls of glee when Mr. Stewart discovered them! and then, ah! how pathetic it was to hear him moan when he found out that they were the wrong ones! Finally we had to give up leaving them because it seemed to aggravate his woe. And still, at exactly four minutes to one (Henry is no common ghost) he rises from his grave and stalks through the cottage weeping and groaning. He used to tear his hair and gnash his teeth, but two years ago saw the last of his hair, and his teeth are all gnashed away.

Most people seem to have an erroneous idea of the spirit world. It's true that even there, there are some shady characters, but isn't it the same in this world? We must not judge the majority by the misdemeanours of the few, and even *their* sins are punished by expulsion from the Trade Union of Spirits. So let us lend every support to our noble fellow-human Joshua Simpson, in his founding and carrying on of the Society for the Prevention of Ill-Treatment of Ghosts. Two dollars in the plate at the door will materially aid our enterprise. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

—Ruth MacKenzie.

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## *Exchange.*

*The following, reprinted from the University of Alberta's "Gateway," is a letter received by a prohibition editor "somewhere in the States".*

To the Editor:—

You seem to take a good deal of delight in telling other people how to live, and perhaps that is your business, but it seems to me that you exceed your duty when you arrogate to yourself the right to inform all of those who may happen to enjoy an occasional drink of "Scotch."

I have been presented with a fine bottle of Scotch whiskey for Christmas, and it is before me as I sit at my typewriter and indite this letter to you. It bears the label of Sandy McDonald—a good, fair, well-bodied liquor which I am assured was brought

before the war and has been in my friend's cellar ever since. What right has any form of law to make me a criminal if I partake of this gift as it was intended that I do by the giver?

I have just tasted of this bottle of liquor, I will confide in you, and I cannot see where or how I am invading the rights of any other person on earth. I find it excellent. It warms my stomach; it inspires my thought. I cannot feel, Mr. Editor, that I have wronged the community or added to lawlessness of the general society in so doing. It makes me tired to be classed as a criminal for any such occasion, and I notify you that before long there will be a revolt against the sort of stuff you are writing.

Just to show you my independence of such truck as you are writing, I have taken another drink of the aforesaid most jubilant Sandy McDonald, and I will say to you it is about as smooth a drink as a criminal ever put into his system. The second drink, which I shall soon follow by a third, make me feel more certain that those who feel their systems require stimulant, should band together, organize and start a campaign to floor this Volstead business if it can be done.

Nor Mr. Editor, I am no bum and you can't make me a bum. I like a little drink now and then, and I have taken a third, or maybe it is a fourth, and I am now than ever convinced that any man that doesn't is a big idiot. You say that this evebion of the law is producing a state of affairs in our Great and Glorious Country. You are wronk. This cuntry is is jess as good as it ever was and was a reat dea lbetter country and I will leabe it to you fiit wasnST, when we had free rum.

A wasNst to say to you that this old socitch whisky is all riht. A lot of it would n't do us harm. When we ened stumulany we ned it. My grandafyer was brought up on rum. They had it in the housd all the time. They dranj it freel and even the minis-tew drang it when he cam to our house. It8a pretty iknf of a cuntry when a grandson is better than his frundfather. I can drink this sort of scuteS all day not be no worse a citexen than I was befote. I could drink this hole quaet audd neger giber an etelash.

But whay I woeat o f yiou is to remind you ayaian adb agnain thot you arw dead wronth ib consfenging evert bony who drinks as a boulm. We ainT criulals.

I will sat inxlosing, thqt i wisg you aSmoRiT 'Chirhymax' and \$haooy New Yrere.

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Willie B FuLLe r. . .

## THE FIFTH ANNUAL GREEN AND GOLD REVUE

IN discussing any artistic achievement of students one must remember, not only that the participants are amateurs in the real meaning of the word, but that they have but limited time and energy for its accomplishment. They are given no concessions in work or class standing—they are really amateurs, lovers of the doing.

The students who produced the revue are to be congratulated upon their performance—and our thanks are due to them for a pleasant evening.

Miss Shurack, Miss Coulin and Mr. Clarke gave us an agreeable spectacle in their pretty and graceful dancing. The group dancing was colourful; needing, perhaps, more training and more variety.

The scene in the broadcasting studio was good satire; especially Mr. Stevens' sketch of the visiting Englishman's effort to instruct the "bally colonials." So many such efforts are well named "Bylj"! The whole scene, however, shared the chief defect of all the sketches: they were much too long. In spite of Euclid, the part is frequently greater than the whole, especially in all forms of Art. This was true of Extravagangster, Eric's At Home, Magnate-ism and similar scenes.

The Canada Bawls—some had an excellent setting and lighting—the boys did not take full advantage of their opportunities for choral work. Macdonald students do not *sing* enough. Why not use the University Song Book?

Extravagangster began as an excellent satire on gangster film pictures, but was too long, and "petered out" at the end.

Eric's At Home was very well done—its length is my only adverse criticism.

Miss Bennett has a pleasing voice that deserves more than the revue gave it. The lighting was good—indeed, the black and white scenery was most deserving of praise—was it not done by Sidaway? And the lighting deserved equal praise.

We need a college orchestra—that of the revue would make a good nucleus. Can it not be enlarged, and their work emphasized in student life?

Once again let me thank the students for a pleasant evening; and as I write without a programme before me, pardon must be granted for any omissions.

—H. D. Brunt.

\* \* \*

*Try this as a mumble.*

*Lady, to man making pots and pans:* "Are you copper-bottoming them, my man?"

*Man:* "No! I'm aluminiuming 'em, Mum."

## TO THE J. AD'S AND A FEW HOMEMAKERS

*With apologies to Thos. Ford.**(Air: There is a Lady Sweet and Kind)*

*There is a table food-inclined;  
 Never did girls so please my mind:  
 I do but see them eating pie;  
 Yet will I marvel 'till I die.*

*Their gestures, motions and their styles  
 As mastication moves their dials  
 Beguiles my heart,—I can but sigh  
 "Gawd, how those women can eat pie!"*

*Cook's fiery art entreats his range  
 To lure us on by welcome change;  
 But change the earth, or change the sky  
 Yet don't, please! do not, change the pie.*

—Yvonne.

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*Letter to the Editor*

Dear Mr. Editor:

After hesitating for some time, I have finally decided to write a letter of protest. In the last issue of the magazine there appeared an article headed "Education Up to Date." It was, in my opinion, an entirely uncalled for insult, directed against people who were not present to defend themselves. In plain English, it was a piece of malicious gossip, (no doubt thoughtless) that I was very sorry indeed to see in my own college magazine. It is just the sort of thing that fosters that anti-American feeling among Canadians, which has always so far exceeded any corresponding feeling among Americans. Entirely aside from the fact that the impression it conveys of American educational standards is all wrong, it is very un-British. When I received my copy of the mag., I passed it to an American friend of mine to read. Possibly my feelings may be imagined when I read pages twenty-eight and twenty-nine myself.

Sincerely,

M. H. Gordon, B.H.S. '29.

Feb. 14, 1932.

*(We would state, in all fairness, that the article complained of did not mention or criticise the excellent, well-tried educational system of our friends to the South. Far be it from us to wish Mr. Attaboy Hoosh to be accepted as a typical citizen of the United States. However, we welcome the criticism, and can but regret that the article should have been read in a manner which we had not, in all sincerity, intended.—Ed.)*

## FOR WOMEN ONLY

CAN it be that the male really is the finer sex?

Not at all! Any man will tell you, unless he is too stubborn, that without the influence of a woman in his life in nine times out of ten he wouldn't have any good qualities at all! Compare a man in love with one that isn't; and see the answer before your own eyes. Men cannot live without women.

So a few words on the gentle art of winning a husband might be of interest, at least, to the ladies.

When you have selected your victim, and are prepared for his fickleness, be indifferent. Listen to his viewpoints, admire him and his ability, if he has any, but don't let him think he has you in his trap. That is fatal! Don't get the idea into your head, that only one particular man can make your world; and don't marry your first love—that is fatal also. Most of us meet him, but, thank heaven, we rarely marry him! He is the world's most dangerous lover. The men women love at first are those they have invested with their hopes, ideals, qualities and conception of what a perfect lover should be,—but such a man rarely exists.

It is well that he doesn't. Imagine a perfect twenty-four hour performance by that perfect lover and husband all year round—What a prospect! What a purgatory!

A different man is God's actual gift to women. Keep him guessing; and when he begins to despair, give him just a little hope to cling to. Try to understand him and his peculiar habits and ideas, and do your share in trying to form a fifty-fifty basis.

I believe in an intelligent marriage, not a so called "sensible one." The men we love, we love for the sake of love; but the men we marry, we love for their own sakes, for all their faults, shortcomings, weaknesses, and idiotic ideas, as much as for anything else. We love them as much when they are tired, cross, sick, obstinate and unreasonable, as when they are as good as gold. We cannot forgive these faults or overlook them in our first loves, for those men are but passing fancies. Until you feel that you cannot live without your selected victim, and forget his bad habits, don't marry!

Some of us fall in love three or four times a week, others once in a lifetime. Some of us marry, or will marry, our first loves five days after the first heart-flutter, and will appear in the divorce court two months later. No wonder! Did you ever know anybody in five days? See him first as others see him, is my advice to all.

And remember this, if he likes his slippers brought to him, and a cocktail before dinner, for heaven's sake give it to him; and keep the noisy children out of the way. Remember he thinks he has worked much harder than you have all day, and needs comfort and quiet. Then if you want to tell him you ran the car

up a telephone post, or burnt a hole in his best silk skirt, do so. I am sure he'll take it like a lamb, if his dinner was fit to eat at all. You know these husbands, and mere bachelors, think they are more capable of looking after themselves than we are, but I haven't noticed any signs of their trying to do so. Personally I think all men are more trouble than a two months' old sister!

So don't marry your first love, and take a long time in finding your last.

"God rest them, merry gentlemen." And I say, equally softly, "may nothing them dismay."

—K. Falk.

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## A VISION

**B**EHOLD, it came to pass as I hied me into Iconium, being wearied and tired of foot, I lay me down by the wayside and slept. And as I lay, lo! there came unto me the sound of a mighty rushing wind and a great light, wondrous white; and I beheld a man, aged and bent, who did call upon me to approach. Which I did. Then did he lift up his voice saying:

"Beware! young man, in thy youth, and venture not afar along the road of marital illusion.

"Beware! O youth, ere the nuptial cord be tightened, and those which look out of the windows be darkened.

"For, peradventure, thou must understand the laws written in the chronicles of the wives of Ur.

"Oh! foolish youth, when thou dost marry the chosen servant of the lord thou shalt waste no more of thy substance in 'strong drink and riotous living.—Rather shalt thou anoint the head of thy wife with the sweat of thy brow; and thy daily toil shall be as a continual sacrifice to her good.

"Thou shalt walk in the shadow of her wrath, for dost thou not, then shall her strengthened hand descend upon ye as the hand of the mighty wind.

"Thou shalt have thy gory locks brought down with sorrow to the grave; and thy life shall for ever be one of torment and of anguish.

"Yea! thou shalt even fear the ground beneath her feet, lest her vengeance descend upon thy crown with the force of the woodcutter's axe; yea, even as hard as the stroke of the carpenter's hammer.

"Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh day is the day of thy wife; and in it thou shalt do all manner of odd jobs.

"Thou shalt clean dishes, and wash by child; and the mop and wash bucket shall be thy consolation and thy companions in distress.

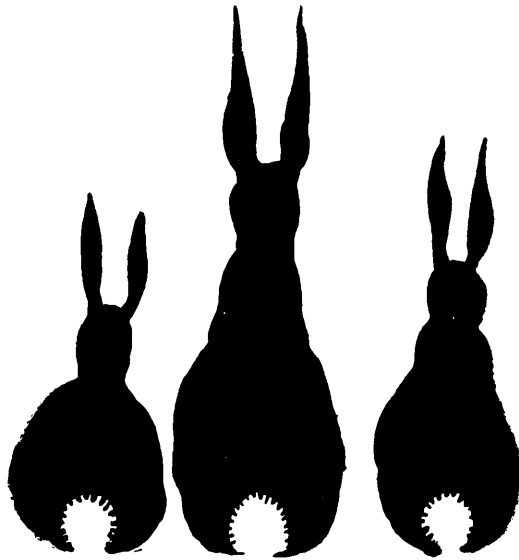
"O! verily I say unto thee, take heed of the wise men and plunge ye not into the never ending fire of matrimony."

And I did start from my slumbers in no small torment of spirit and anguish of soul.

And fearing lest such facts as I had beheld in my vision should befall me, I buried my head in meditative prayer and besought mercy.

Then did I shake the dust off my feet and hie me unto Iconium with no mean haste, rejoicing in my fate, of being without wife or the fetters thereof.

—R. H. W. Stevens.



**OH, OH!**

A chemist of Indiana State Teachers' College made the following analysis of a well-known element:

Element: Woman. Occurrence: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in a free state; with few exceptions, the combined state is preferred. Physical Properties: All colours and sizes, usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. May freeze at any moment but melts when properly treated—proper treatment unknown.—Very active, possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Is able to absorb food at any time. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction, but is inclined to age very rapidly.

# THE GREAT WILLIAMSON BEAR HUNT

By NORRIS HODGINS



WHEN James Horatio Williamson, managing editor of **Farm and Home**, visited the Shawville Fair last fall on behalf of his paper, he found bears the favourite topic of conversation.

Shawville, I might say, is situated on the Quebec side of the Ottawa river, almost opposite Renfrew; and to the north of this fertile valley district lie the Laurentians, home of trout, deer, moose and bear. That the bears, however, had not stayed at home during fair week quickly became apparent to Williamson. Everyone with whom he attempted to discuss the farming depression insisted on telling, instead, how he had shot a bear in his orchard before coming to the show that morning, or how he had "wrestled" a bear with his bare hands last Tuesday in his corn field, finally depositing him, bound up with binder twine, with the authorities who look after the payment of bounties. Indeed the thing got such a hold on Williamson's imagination that when the hotel-keeper, in a burst of hospitality that followed the popping of sundry corks, invited his guest to take part in the annual Goose Lake hunt, Williamson accepted.

THE first thing that Williamson did when he got home next evening was to get out his camp kit. Then, after supper, when the youngsters had been put to bed and Henrietta had gone out to a Ladies' Aid meeting, it occurred to Williamson that it might be a good idea to brush up on the conventions in this game of Bagging Bruin.

All managing editors, of course, know something about everything and will, on occasion, undertake to instruct their readers on the primary causes, ultimate effects and inner significances of such widely separated subjects as Farm Relief and Voodooism; but sometimes their practical knowledge is shaky. Williamson, who had spent a few years in newspaper work before entering the farm field, had frequently edited press dispatches on the thrilling and sanguinary struggles with bears experienced by backwood women in defence of their papooses, and commuters on berrying jaunts in defence of their potential jam; but in these, the weapons used in subduing the beasts were usually hairpins, monkey wrenches and over-size fountain pens, otherwise the stories were not regarded as "news." Yet, he felt, there must be other and less risky methods of collecting bearskins and bounties, even if they might not class as news. His bear hunting, he decided, would be based on some of the more conservative advice offered by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Lighting a fire in the grate, he collected before it, seriatim, a cosy chair, a can of tobacco, a jug of cider (which the subscriber who had sent it in declared to be "sweet"), and the AUS-BIS volume of the aforementioned work, and settled down.

"Bears," read Williamson, "belonging to the *Ursidae*, a typical family of the Plantigrade Mammals." He skipped down the page a bit. "They are provided with formidable claws," he learned, "but these are not retractile as in the cats. . . ." And again, "Most of the bears climb trees, which they do in a slow, lumbering fashion, and, in descending, always come hind-quarters first." And yet again, "With the single exception of the honey bear, all species have forty-two teeth, of which the incisors and canines resemble those of purely carnivorous mammals, while the

molars have their surface tuberculated. . . . As might be supposed from their dentition, bears are truly omnivorous."

Williamson paused. A rather ripe phrase that—"truly omnivorous!"

But—here the writer seemed to have wandered. Instead of telling how to slaughter the beasts without getting oneself mixed up with the formidable claws or the multitudinous teeth, he got off into an idle consideration of the various species—of the Polar Bear, which has hair on the soles of its feet (a ticklish business, surely); of the Alaskan Brown Bear, which is the largest living carnivore; of the Grizzly Bear, which carries off extinct bison to its lair; of the Glacier Bear, the Great Cave Bear (now gone to join the dodo bird), the Syrian Bear, Winnie the Pooh—

Yet, search as he would through the weighty tome, nowhere could he find any light on ways and means of acquiring a bearskin. The nearest approach to practicalities was the statement that "most bears do not seek to attack man: when cornered, however, or in defence of their young, they show great courage and strength, rising on their hind legs and endeavouring to grasp their antagonist in an embrace." But even this was not so useful as it might have been, since no scheme was suggested for dodging such petting parties. Instead, the work went on with a lot of pointless information about Bear Lake, Beards, Be-a— But the combination of fire, cosy chair and cider had done its work. Williamson slept.

\* \* \*

It was an unexpectedly beautiful morning (for October) into which Williamson stepped, as he emerged from the lodge the first day of the hunt. A mislaid pipe had delayed him somewhat, and by the time he had joined the Nimrods outside, plans were already being made for the day's carnage amongst the denizens of the forest.

"We'll try the hill beyond The Narrows for a starter," someone was saying. "Three or four of you can stay at some of the more likely runways while the rest of us come up from the Pipe Lake side. If there's a deer within five miles of here, he'll be in that grassy—"

"A deer!" broke in Williamson. "Don't you bloodthirsty blighters ever think of anything but deer? What about bears?"

"Bears?"

"Bears."

"I suppose you expect to find a flock of bears cropping the grass on—"

"Why not? They're omnivorous, you know."

"What?"

"They eat everything—fish, flesh, grass, marshmallows, hay wire—"

"How do you know?"

"I read it in the *Encyclopaedia*."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What? Do you mean to flout the *Britannica*—the precious document that, next to the Magna Charta—"

"Look here, you poor ninny, if it's a bear you want, you'd better stay here and clean up the breakfast dishes. You're more likely to find one in the kitchen cadging marmalade than outside galloping over the hills."

"Why not put him at Bear Point?" suggested a diplomat. "It's so open down there that even he couldn't miss a deer if one came along—and then," he hastened to add, glimpsing Williamson's kindling eye, "he's as likely to get a bear there as anywhere."

And, as Virgil would say, not otherwise was it arranged. Williamson was left to guard the runway where game sometimes took to the waters

of The Narrows if harried on the hills beyond, while those chosen set out for the hills to do the harrying.

As the sun, "that orb'd continent the fire that severs day from night," got well into his stride, Bear Point proved much more comfortable than Williamson had imagined any point so far north could be. Seated between the roots of a stump, he got out his tobacco and—

Confusion! He had forgotten his matches.

That's what happened when one got off into a howling wilderness like this! One found oneself without matches. Well, there was nothing for it, he supposed, but to take the boat and row back the mile and a quarter to camp. And in this blasted sun, too!

Leaning his rifle against the stump, Williamson scrambled into the boat and rowed back.

He was somewhat surprised, on his arrival, to find the kitchen door ajar. Whoever was last out had apparently forgotten to shut up the place. Careless ass!

Ah, someone was moving about inside! He was not the only one, it seemed, who forgot his matches. Odd, he reflected, how often one found oneself sans matches, and as for those trick lighters—

Williamson congealed.

He had got well inside the kitchen door before his dazzled eyes could adjust themselves to the dim interior—and to his horror, the ghostly shape with which he found himself *tete-a-tete* resolved itself, not into one of his late companions, but into a sizable black bear!

There he stood, upright, not ten feet from him. A bear! A Big Black Bear—and grinning evilly, though Williamson, being a managing editor, somehow couldn't see the joke. All he could see were teeth, and though it is almost certain that but forty-five of them showed, Williamson had an impression of a larger number.

To meet a bear when one is alone in a hunting lodge undoubtedly constitutes one of Life's Embarrassing Moments. Williamson, of course, should have been nonchalant and have lighted a Murad, but in all fairness to him it should be remembered that he had no matches.

Without stopping to debate questions of etiquette, however, the bear moved forward. While not, perhaps, particularly interested in this stranger, he moved towards him, for the way out was by the door behind the newcomer.

As the bear advanced, Williamson retired—but not far. His retreat brought him up against the kitchen range, and, as luck would have it, his groping hand found the coffee pot. In sudden panic, he flung the missile into the face of the beast, and, while the latter was still blinded by the blow, dashed through the doorway.

\* \* \*

It is upon such trivial actions that great issues very often depend. Someone shoots a European prince, and a world war is precipitated; someone flicks away a burning cigarette stub, and a mighty forest is laid low; someone flings a half-empty coffee pot, and an epic bear hunt is under way—with the bear in the role of hunter.

Had Williamson resisted that impulse, it is altogether likely that the bear would have passed on, leaving the editor to regret a lost opportunity of securing a handsome rug for his den, but, in any case, leaving him. As it was, the bear revised his plans. Here was one who had wronged him—bruised him in a tender spot. Very well, two could play that game! An eye for an eye, a snout for a snout—that was the un-Christian way in which he viewed it. Shaking the coffee dregs angrily from his eyes, he reached the doorway in time to see his antagonist rounding the corner of the lodge. The bear gave chase.

It is safe to say that Williamson had no very well thought-out plans for his future movements when he dashed through the doorway. All he thought of was movement, and the more rapid that might be the better. He followed his dash through the doorway with a dash around

the corner. A scrambling noise told him that he was being pursued. He dashed around the next corner. Bruin followed hard after.

If only he could get far enough ahead to dash back through the doorway. Williamson felt he could be safe, but after four laps that hope failed. He was barely keeping his lead, and, even granting that a bear's claws are not retractile as in the cat, one hated to trust the seat of one's trousers to them in case one didn't quite get inside in time.

The fifth lap was never completed. The bear, it appears, was a crafty beast. Why canter around at this speed, he asked himself, when each fraction of a minute brought one back to the starting point? He sat down and waited. Whence it was that Williamson, rounding the lodge for the fifth time a few seconds later, came into violent contact with his playmate—a collision that surprised each equally and that resulted in the bear's getting another nasty knock on the nose (from Williamson's bony knee) and a fair-sized piece of mackinaw cloth (from Williamson's equally bony shoulder-blade).

The contact, however, was but momentary. With but slightly diminished speed, Williamson caromed off sharply, leaving the woollen goods for the bear's inspection, and headed up the trail that led to civilization and the comparative peace of the *Farm and Home* office. And, like young Lochinvar, "he staid not for brake and he stopped not for stone."

Neither did the bear.

As the forty-and-two urchins who mocked the bald-headed prophet probably realized when it was too late, one of the poorest methods of evading the clutches of a bear is to run before him in a straight line. However slow and lumbering his progress when climbing trees, his rollicking canter down or up an open fairway eats up distance amazingly.

To Williamson, the realization of this fact came before he had gone many yards. Closer and closer behind him came the crackling of twigs and the soft thud of paws. Already, he imagined, he could feel the beast's hot breath on his calves, and it was not necessary for him to turn his head to know that three and a half dozen teeth (many of them with tuberculated surfaces) were gnashing lustily in anticipation of joyous work ahead—and not so far ahead, at that! Williamson quit the trail and breasted the rugged heights that reared their craggy cliffs skyward behind the hunting lodge. The bear joined with vim in the breasting.

Faster and faster—higher and higher—up the precipitous escarpment went Williamson, scaling sheer cliffs, scattering boulders like chaff before the wind, leaping, like a Rocky Mountain Goat, from crag to crag—with the bear in hot and ever hotter pursuit. Up—up—up to where, on the very summit, a slender pine tree reared its head aloft, its lower branches forty feet above the earth.

He had not much of a lead, but even a few seconds can take a desperate man quite a distance up a gum tree—and it cannot be denied that pine trees are gummy. Using teeth, chin, finger nails and rubber-soled high boots, he climbed as few managing editors of farm papers could have done. But, to his dismay, a backward glance showed the bear, despite his reputation for slow and laborious arboreal work, coming up just a little bit faster—and, what was worse, coming up hind-quarters first!

"Hey," cried the startled editor, "you can't do that, you know. Bears descend, not ascend, hindquarters first!" After all, he felt, there are limits that must be observed even by black bears.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the bear.

"Eh?"

"I said, 'Ha, ha!'"

"But why on earth should a bear want to say 'Ha, ha!'"

"Because I'm truly omnivorous."

\* \* \*

"James, whatever are you doing up there?"

Williamson opened his eyes—to find himself clinging grimly to the topmost pegs of the hall hatrack, while Henrietta, newly returned, regarded him anxiously from below.

"Truly omnivorous," explained Williamson feebly.

"What?" Henrietta glanced towards the jug by the fireside and sniffed suspiciously.

"Ha ha!" laughed Williamson hollowly. "Just a joke. As a matter of fact I've been looking for my hat—my winter one, you know." His usually nimble mind was still swathed to some extent in wool, but even he could see the futility of dragging black bears into the conversation if he wished to be believed.

Mrs. Williamson's chin grew determined. "Come on down, James," she said. "I'll get you a good strong cup of coffee, and then it's bed for you."

For a moment Williamson hesitated. It was becoming more and more clear that he was being misunderstood—but how to explain things was beyond him. As I say, for a moment he hesitated, then, conscious of the inadequacy of the English language with its mere 400,000 words, he relaxed for a second his hold, and came down—and hindquarters first!

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### THE DANSANT

ON Saturday, February 6th, the Junior Ads. and Homemakers gave a delicate reminder of Leap year by holding a thé dansant in the Parish Hall. The initiative of these classes is to be commended, for the dance was voted to be by far the best of its kind this year.

Our representative was so well looked after that he barely had time to make any very definite observations. So far as he remembers, his hostesses were charming, the decorations and music excellent, and Miss Golfmann poured tea (or was it coffee?).

What more could one want?

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### THE SECOND FORMAL

THE Magazine representative was privileged to attend the Second Formal Dance. As a Student of Biology he was pleased to be entertained with another aspect of the Science. Following his submarine studies of the First Formal, he was introduced to the latest developments in Anthropology and Palaeontology. Timorously making his way through the thickness of the tropical undergrowth, and carefully avoiding any side tracks leading into the attractive arboreal shelters which lay on either side of his path, he emerged into the semi-gloom of a jungle clearing to discover that at this point his troubles were only just beginning. Lured onwards by the sound of pipes and the continued beating of tom-toms (as ably provided by George Kimpton and his orchestra), he avoided the sinuous attentions of a rock python only to find himself fleeing from the spring of an enormous sabre toothed tiger. Having escaped these dangers, and the temporary immersion in a rather cannibalistic cooking pot, he was enabled, with the aid of a charming savage, to take part in the prehistoric revels. And despite the somewhat anthropoid *motif* implied by the decorations, there was no 'Monkey business' about a highly enjoyable programme. Mr. Robert Stevens and his artistic colleagues are to be congratulated on arranging one of the most successful Formals staged at the College during the last four years.

## HEARD AMONG THE HOMEMAKERS

*Westmount*: "Say kids, I think I'm going for a ride."

*Montreal*: "Keep moving—he wears a pink shirt."

*Coast to Coast*: "Did I ever get a lemon at the hop!"

*Westmount*: "There goes my short fur coat out the door."

*Points South*: "Talk to me, somebody's coming."

*Ottawa*: "Just 18 days, 14 hrs. and 4 minutes 'till we go home!"

*Westmount*: "Take it from me and steer clear of the double-shuffle."

*Montreal*: "Don't get there before grace is sung—it just isn't done."

*Westmount*: Is there *anything* that those boys don't find out?"

—By Eenie, Meenie and Minie

(Mo was indisposed)

\* \* \*

ON WEDNESDAY, March 10th, Mr. Musgrove was kind enough to give an organ recital in the Assembly Hall, and, as an added attraction, Mrs. Musgrove accompanied him on the piano in two of his items.

It is all too seldom that we have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Musgrove perform on one of the finest organs in the Dominion, and it is a pity that certain of the students should find it necessary to improve the renderings in their own minds, and to ruin them for others, by babbling obligato.

We can but assume—for we never hear them play—that these students are performers of such merit that a charming programme is of no interest to them. If so, they might stay away.

If not, might we plead for some glimmerings of manners?

\* \* \*

## THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

1. Why is it that boys can develop game legs so readily?
2. Is it true that Edward is the most attractive man at Mac? or does anyone else think so too?
3. If any of the boys can dance, or have they been fooling us all this time?

—Homemakers.

(The answers to the above will be found on p. 68.)

\* \* \*

Contralto is a low sort of music sung by women.

## CONSERVATION OF ENERGY

EVERY morning at about seven, I become dimly aware that Fred is jealous of me; that he is giving his feelings muscular expression, so that energy in the form of sound waves comes seeping, swelling, surging, surrounding me, calling me from the arms of Loethe through two inches of wood panelling and two thicknesses of blanket. Of course I allude to the charming little tinkle of the delightful little bell.

The trouble is that the matter doesn't rest there. After Fred has reminded me that it is time for his breakfast, youth has its fling,—and flings itself about on the boards outside my door with a surprising vehemence, presumably on its way to being flung by an immoral craving for an unnatural cleanliness into a tub or a shower. It is deplorable this exhibition of animal depravity at a time when civilization is calling upon its reserves, summoning up courage to snatch a final ten minutes sleep. Don't think that I wish merely to be left alone to laze in peace. Of course I should enjoy jumping out of bed and going singing to the bathroom like the rest. Why I choose not to do so is because it is not in keeping with my ideals. At this time of the world's history, when humanity is engaged in a world-wide struggle to preserve its resources for its essential functioning, when rigid economy is the rule which ever way you turn, whether it be in the showers, the lights, the heat, or the milk, the essential is to be had, and no more. At this time, I say, it is disgusting to hear energy, which cannot be created and the results of which cannot be destroyed by merely one thickness of wood and a transom, running freely to waste.

In the common interest, we should never disregard the possibility of wasted effort. Efficiency is essential in these times, and what does efficiency mean but the minimum of effort with the maximum of result. Now it is not difficult to apply this to one's life here in residence. Sleep is the one process of our daily routine where we have true efficiency according to the definition, and to arise early, and behave boisterously, betokens a senseless mocking of the law of the conservation of chatter. Think of the ergs and calories that float serenely down the drain-pipe with the unnecessary gurgles of appreciation that customarily accompany them. Why it's tragic! Think of the muscular effort of standing erect! There are possibly more than two dozen major muscles ordinarily employed in preventing the human body from lying prone. Why, in reason's name? Why give each and every one of them a minute's labor longer than is absolutely necessary?

What do I suggest we should do then? Surely it is obvious that this creed, this cult of the preservation of energy, can be expressed in every aspect of our lives here at college. In our choice of work for instance; the biologist would do well to bear in mind that to specialise in Plant Pathology obviates the ne-

cessity of climbing a flight of stairs at least twice a day ; while it is easy to appreciate that stretching at his ease in lecture rooms, however painful it may be to the student, merely betokens high moral enthusiasm for the true benefit of civilization—even if it does somewhat minimise the possibility of his betraying an affected interest of attention out of excess of politeness. But I attach more importance to the general adoption of this *motif* as a moral for our welfare in our everyday habits than in the case of such isolated instances.

After all, these habits betray the tendencies of the individual. It is in them that this characteristic zeal should be portrayed. Of course, there is no use in going to useless extremes for the cause. It is senseless to attack academic tradition, for example, and walk across the campus to make a martyr of oneself to the extent of an arithmetical progression of dollars in fines to the House of Committee, when twenty extra steps taken very slowly would obviate the necessity. There are many occasions where the principle can very well be applied. I hesitate to make an example of myself but perhaps the occasion will serve. While I fully realize and appreciate that the desk is the proper place to sit for such a task, I, the new prophet, prefer to use my bed as the seat of inspiration for such a theme as this. An effortless adjustment of my environment has enabled me to undergo this ordeal without undue suffering. The tobacco jar and the matches (borrowed) are within easy reach. Smoking is to be enjoyed best on one's back, and any holes burnt in the blankets are not really to be deplored since they serve to ventilate and so maintain normal metabolism, and at least demonstrate that the blankets are of sheep's wool and not steel wool as is often suggested.

\*            \*            \*

What was I saying? Oh! it doesn't matter anyway. It is rather good fun typewriting on your tummy, and even if . . . . zzzzz  
 . . zzzzz            . . zzzzz .

—D. H.

\*            \*            \*

From the cynic (male) :

“If all the pretty girls in Mac stood in a row 95% of them would be liars.”

From the cynic (female) :

“If all the handsome men at Mac stood in a row he'd feel conspicuous.”

## SOCIETY NOTES

(By YVONNE)

Our congratulations to Mr. Augustus Blotto-Vochie who will be 87 in June, but is celebrating tomorrow because he cannot wait 'till June.

The Begum and Bigosh of Skookumchuck, on a short visit to the Capital, are the guests of Miss Lydia (Pilly) Pinkham. To our representative the Begum remarked, "Anything may happen anywhere at any moment."

Gus (Gat) Shootusquabaugh entertained at bridge last night at his charming country cottage, *The Jungles*, down by the freight yards. Bridge history was made in the final hand when Ike (Strangler) Scissors, who bid slam on thirteen hearts, went down before Gus whose thirteen aces and two six-shooters left the boys both amazed and ruined. Gus is now out of town.

The Diploma course entertained about two months ago at a *soiree battante*. A variety of things came off, and the boys were in ordered retirement and quiet for a while afterwards. Several people in authority interested themselves in the *soiree*, but the Principal was more concerned with the *battante*.

Lady Ima Loony (one of the Brockville Loonys) has just returned from the Phillipines. When asked for her impressions she replied in her own naive manner, "Canada is colder than the Phillipines, and vice versa." And later, "When chased by a tiger I was not *feline* so good"—which she capped with a trill of laughter, and which she must have read somewhere.

Mrs. Melton-Mowbray arrived unexpectedly on the 5th to spend a few months with her daughter, Mrs. Ponsonby-Ponsonby.

Mr. Ponsonby-Ponsonby left on the 6th for British North Borneo. When asked how long he would be away he said, "It all depends."

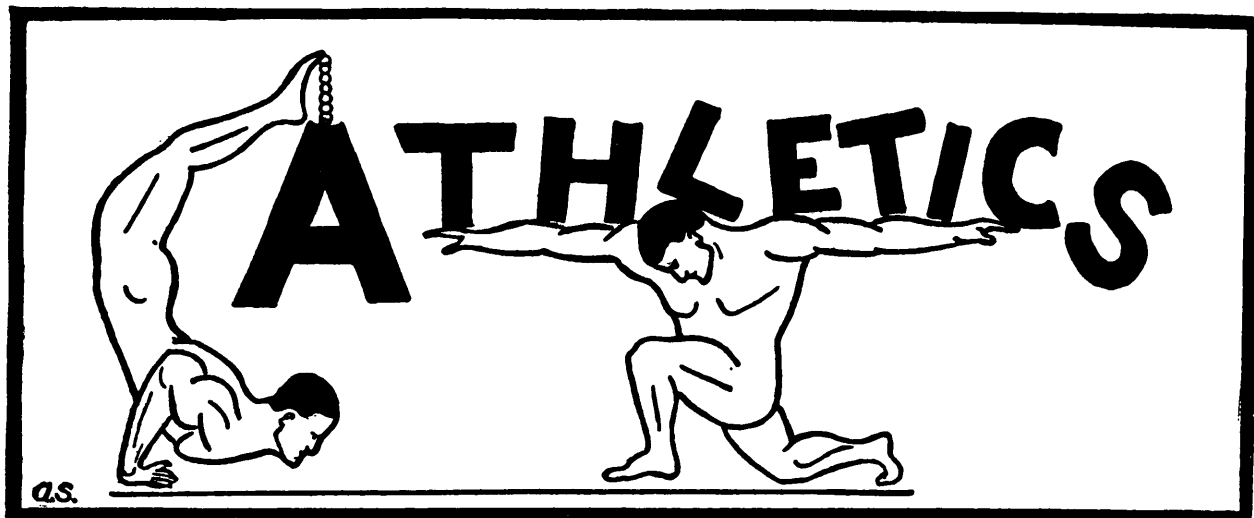
Miss Wyndfild-Blimp entertained at tea yesterday in honour of Miss Watson-Whoozis who is visiting from the Celebes. A pleasant innovation was the serving of cocktails before tea. Miss Clarissa Whatnot poured,—unfortunately in the wrong place. She excused herself in that she has a cast in one eye and a distinct lurch in the other. Which is as good an excuse as any.

Miss Sheila Lope sailed yesterday for Nboompba. Who gives a whoop anyway?

\* \* \*

*Our Short Story.*

Two girls went for a tramp in the woods.  
The tramp died.



## *Basketball*

*Conversation with a member of a visiting team revealed that our team is very well thought of in basketball circles in Montreal. The only reason for some of the defeats was the team's lack of experience in taking advantage of 'breaks'. Most of the players will be with us next year, and this year's experience will prove invaluable. Ed.*

AS we near the end of another basketball season, a moment spent in retrospect brings to our mind several things of importance from the standpoint of the game this year. First and foremost is our entrance into the Intermediate Division, B Section, of the Montreal Basketball League. Secondly, we have won the Inter-faculty Championship for the first time in three years. Thirdly we have on the team five freshmen, who will be at the college three more years to form a backbone of a very formidable squad for the years to come. Fourthly there are twelve men turning out for places on the team—a thing unheard of for years. Fifthly, more games have been played than ever before in the history of the college.

We can say this year, without any fear of being contradicted by those who know basketball, that we have the finest team the college has seen since 1922, the days of Winter, Templeton, Uncle Sutherland, 'Holy' Amaron, and Major. We have not won many games, but winning games is not the only criterion of a good team. Sportsmen high up in basketball circles have often remarked on the team-play, aggressiveness, and all-round improvement of the squad. We have been unfortunate, perhaps, in our choice of a year to enter the Intermediate League, a year when the league is the strongest Montreal has ever seen, and B Section is the strongest section in the league. In all our encounters with the obviously superior league teams we acquitted ourselves well, even though we did not win a game. In exhibition games success came our way frequently. We broke into the winning class with a win over North Branch Y.M.C.A. by 41-32, following it up

a few days later with an unexcelled display of ball-handling, passing, and shooting, to defeat the lanky, experienced, Bishop's University team, runners up in the Sherbrooke City League, by the score of 58-46. This game was one of the high-lights of the season. At the end of the first half Macdonald was trailing 20-26, but about five minutes after the start of the second period we put the game out of any uncertainty by scoring eighteen points in five minutes. A week later another Montreal team, Sun Life Intermediates, received a rude jolt to the tune of 43-31.

Owing to our participation in the Montreal Basketball League we did not feel that we could enter the Inter-faculty League so it was decided to play a "home-and-home" game series with the winners of the league in at McGill to decide the championship. The play-off was with Arts, to whom we dropped the first game, played in the Montreal High School gym, by 27-34. This meant that an eight point margin was required in the second game to win the round. The game was played on our own floor. At half-time the score was 18-16 in our favour. All through the second half the score see-sawed, one up, one down, 'till about five minutes from the finish when our superior condition came to our aid and enabled us to stage a whirl-wind ending to win the game 34-27 and the Championship 62-61!

Our forte this year has been physical condition. Most of the players came in off the rugby field in the fall, hard as nails, to start a rigorous campaign of training in the gymnasium. This condition has stood us in good stead against more experienced teams. Experience may, to a certain extent, overcome lack of co-ordination and team-play, but lack of physical condition puts a team entirely out of the game, even with a less experienced squad, provided they are fit and play steady basketball.

The basketball team has probably done more to advertise the college to the people of Montreal than any other one thing or organization this year.

It is with deep regret that we will say goodbye, at the end of the season, to two men who have probably done more than any one else, individually, to make this season a success. I refer to Gordon Findlay and Jack Stothart, our captain. Both have been with us for the short period of two years, but in that short time both have endeared themselves to their team-mates and fellow students. To pick out any one man for special recognition, however, would not be fair to the others who have all turned in steady, and at times brilliant, games. John McDonald with his teamwork and scoring ability, Carl Grell with his never-miss shot under the basket, Gordon Findlay with his steadying influence and unselfish feeding of the forwards, Jack Stothart with his often amazing work on the defence paired with Frank Nowasad or Gordon Payton who could always be depended on to do their full share in breaking up the dashes of opposing forwards; Bill Clements, reliable alternate for either forward position, and Paul

Bovell, Bruce Inniss, Walter Humphries, Frank Cooper, and Bob Flood with their inexhaustible enthusiasm, all deserve credit.

The team, of course, has its faults, and none realize this better than the players themselves. On at least two occasions games have been lost due to their inability to capitalize on free-shots. Inexperience has taken its toll of games, but as the season advances, the automatic performance of fundamental principles so essential to a first-class team becomes more apparent. The desire of the players to shoot, under any and all circumstances, whenever they are within reach of the basket has proved almost overpowering, but that, too, is fading into the dim past.

No article of this kind would be complete without some appreciation of the work of Coach Frank Sharpe, without whose help the team would be nowhere. It has been his ambition to see Macdonald College entered in the Montreal Basketball League, and to this end he has unselfishly sacrificed his position of a League referee. To Frank Sharpe the team owes more than it can ever know or ever repay.

We have also a debt of gratitude to those who assisted us, in providing transportation to Montreal, and with their unfailing support at all times. In this connection I would particularly like to thank Dr. Conklin, Frank Sharpe, Dean Barton, Mr. R. R. Thompson, and Mr. Kamp.

The players, with their positions, are:

McDonald, Right Forward; Findlay, Centre; Grell, Left Forward; Stothart, Right Guard; Nowasad, Left Guard; Clements, Sub. Forward; Humphreys, Sub. Forward; Inniss, Sub. Center; Payton, Sub. Guard; Bovell, Sub. Guard; Cooper, Sub. Guard; Flood, Sub. Guard.

#### *Games Played.*

- Nov. 28. Mac vs. Central Y. Blues. Exhibition, 36-80.
- Dec. 5. Mac vs. Westmount Y. Intermed. Exhibition, 29-40.
- Dec. 19. Mac vs. Central Y. Blues. Exhibition, 12-36.
- Dec. 12. Mac vs. Y.M.H.A. Juniors. Exhibition, 8-30.
- Jan. 9. Mac vs. South-Western Y. Intermed. League, 28-29.
- Jan. 16. Mac vs. U. of Montreal. Intermed. League, 21-34.
- Jan. 23. Mac vs. Top Notch. Intermed. League, 28-44.
- Jan. 30. Mac vs. Central Y. Blues. Intermed. League 9-60.
- Feb. 13. Mac vs. U. of Montreal. Intermed. League, 19-47.
- Feb. 17. Mac vs. Sun Life Intermed. Exhibition, 38-42.
- Feb. 20. Mac vs. South-western Y. Intermed. League, 31-36.
- Feb. 24. Mac vs. North Branch Y. Exhibition, 41-32.
- Feb. 27. Mac vs. Bishop's University. Exhibition, 58-46.
- Mar. 2. Mac vs. Top Notch. Intermed. League, 31-46.
- Mar. 5. Mac vs. Sun Life Intermed. Exhibition, 43-31.
- Mar. 9. Mac vs. Arts. Inter-faculty Play-off, 27-34.
- Mar. 12. Mac vs. Arts. Inter-faculty Play-off, 35-27.

—A. W. S. Hunter.

## Hockey

THE hockey season of 1932 has been rather unusual due, in part, to the particularly mild winter. As far as we were concerned, the season did not start until late in January. However, we were able to play nine games,—only four on home ice.

We were entered in the Inter-class League and played four games, all in Montreal. Our thanks are due to Mr. Cox for arranging some games, and for his help in entering us in the league. We were fortunate in obtaining a goalie from our new men to replace Blair who left us last year with Class '31.

The following is a brief summary of the games played:

*Mac vs. Eng. II.*—This was the first game of the season, and was played on the McGill ice. The Mac men were lacking in combination play, but we were able to outskate our opponents. The final score 2-1 for us. Walker was the star player.

*Mac vs. Arts II.*—We were shorthanded for this game. Millinchamp and May played well. The end-product of the chase was a score of 4-2 for Arts.

*Mac vs. Med. II.*—We were poorly matched in this game. The doctors were somewhat out of their class, with Walker, Stothart and Millinchamp in good form. The final score was 12-0 for Mac.

*Mac vs. Comm. II.*—Won by default.

*Mac vs. Arts III.*—This was a slow, uneventful game, played on poor ice. Both teams tried hard to score, but stick-handling was difficult. The game ended with a score of 1-0 for us.

*Mac vs. The Village.*—Again the ice was in poor condition. Both teams did some nice work, however, and the passing and checking were good. The whistle blew to end a scoreless game.

*Mac vs. Hudson Heights.*—It has become an annual event for the Mac Hockey Team to make a trip to the ice of our Hudson Heights friends. This was the fastest game played during the season, and one of the most interesting for the spectators. The ice was good, and some very good hockey was played. Every man played well and showed good sportsmanship. The final count was 8-6 for our opponents.

*Mac vs. Riley Hern Inc.*—This was the only game played on good, home ice. Our business friends did not prove to be fast enough for our men, and were a little nervy of "the big lad." The game was clean and enjoyed by both teams. The score was 7-0 for Mac.

*Mac vs. Hudson Heights.*—This was the return game with our opponents and was played on the College ice. The weather was warm and the hockey slow. The game ended with a score of 1-0 for Mac.

In general, we may say that we had a successful hockey season, both in games played and in games won. We are much indebted to Messrs. Thompson, Kamp and Cummings for their services in taking us to our out-of-town games.

The team:—

*Goal:* Pearson.

*Defense:* Stothart, Forsythe.

*Forward:* May, Cox, Walker.

*Subs:* Millinchamp, Riorden, Clark and Caldwell.

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## *Wrestling*

Dear Mr. Editor:

May I, through the medium of your magazine, take this opportunity to thank the Macdonald men for their whole-hearted co-operation and enthusiastic support which made wrestling practices a pleasant duty rather than a burdensome task?

This year was a most interesting one in the short history of the wrestling club. New talent was unearthed, which, if carefully nourished, will develop into performers of no mean repute.

Three freshmen deserve mention for their splendid performances this year: Gibb, Cooper and Payton—the latter, won three out of four bouts most decisively, and lost the 158 lbs. interfaculty championship only after a hard tussle with a man having five years of mat experience. Gibb and Cooper would have gone far in wrestling circles if fate had not intervened in the form of injuries. My heartiest congratulations to my classmate George (Robert Burns) Gibb who, after three years of unsuccessful attempts to represent McGill in the Canadian Intercollegiate Championships, succeeded in winning the 145 lbs. class in the McGill Interfaculty meet, and earned thereby the right to represent McGill, with myself, in the Canadian Championships.

Macdonald College had three representatives in the Interfaculty Championships: Wolfe, Payton and Gibb. All three won, and brought the championship back to Macdonald. It is my fervent wish that wrestling should not pass out of the sporting life at Macdonald, and it is up to those men I have mentioned to carry on in spite of all obstacles.

Wrestling has been in force for three years at Macdonald, and during this time one intercollegiate and four interfaculty champions were representatives from Mac. Let the future produce bigger and better champions.

Faithfully yours,

—Lewis Wolfe, *Student Coach.*

## *Assault at Arms*

ON Tuesday, March 8th, the Annual Smoker was held in the Men's gymnasium. As a display of student competition the entertainment fell short of some of the meets of the past; but the reason for this was forcibly explained in speeches, and hinted at by Mr. Smith of McGill when he insisted on the final wrestling bout being called an exhibition fight because the condition of the mat made it impossible to give a decision.

Dr. McKibbin pleaded for more support for boxing and wrestling and commented on the condition of equipment in the gym. Dean Barton agreed that every effort should be made to retain these sports, and suggested that the matter be discussed.

Through the efforts of Mr. Wolfe and the kindness of Mr. Smith, some wrestlers from Montreal gave exhibition bouts. But the College showed particular interest in her own representatives, and were particularly glad to see Payton give a very good performance.

Mr. Millinchamp introduced us to the boys he has taken under his wing for boxing. Their keenness, pluck and sportsmanship were much appreciated.

An interesting bout was one undertaken to decide the merits of boxing and wrestling. Whether we learned anything comparative is doubtful; but we do know that Gibb should be respected! Waterfield, the boxer, was giving away much in weight; and, once on the ground, was soon 'put in place.'

It is a pity that our two fencers Miller and Faulkner, should have been ineligible for the McGill Assault at Arms.

Dean Barton paid a tribute to Mr. Wolfe for the work he has done to bring wrestling to the fore at Macdonald. We would endorse it. Louis has had an uphill fight all the way. He will be missed; but his influence will show in the future in the men he has trained, and who are giving such good accounts of themselves as newcomers.

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## *Badminton*

Although a comparatively new game to a great many of the women students at Macdonald, badminton has proved very popular during the season of 1931-32.

The first doubles tournament for the women students was held during the early part of November. After keen competition on the part of the many participants, Dorothea Coulson and Elizabeth McKergow were adjudged winners.

On February 20th a staff-student tournament took place; members of the Men's Residence Badminton Club joining with the Women Students in the competition. The singles, doubles and mixed doubles were greatly enjoyed by all those taking part. The staff was successful in carrying off most of the honours, but there was excellent play on both sides.

At present, the competition for the Women's Singles Badminton Trophy is arousing keen interest. As yet, the winner has not been determined. The ladder tournament is also encouraging play and it is hoped that before the season closes this fine game will have many more followers.

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## *The Girls Swimming Meet*

THE Girl's Athletic Association held its annual Swimming Meet on the evening of February 8th, and it was a great success.

The Meet opened with a bathing beauty parade, in which the participants wore such lavishly gorgeous costumes as could be "raked up" at a moment's notice. Ski girls, Palm Beach Beauties, Turks, inebriated ancients and the "Shiek of Agony" afforded much amusement to the on-lookers, as they demonstrated their charms by tripping (literally) around the edge of the pool. Miss Adelaide Smith of Palm Beach was chosen for first prize by Dean Laird, and presented with a "Booful big balloon," which she guarded carefully from jealous rivals for the rest of the evening.

The serious—or rather, less hilarious—part of the programme followed, and Dean Laird, Mr. Lockhart, Dr. Brunt, Mr. Irvine, Mr. Musgrove, Miss Russell and Miss Scott bravely accepted the posts of judges, and mopped steaming brows as they rescued the various winners.

The usual good-natured rivalry was carried on between the Teachers and Science girls, as each group cheered its respective team, and excitement waxed high during the Science vs. Teachers Relay Race, which was won easily by the Teachers.

At the end of the Meet, Dean Laird presented boxes of chocolates, kindly donated by the Staff, as prizes to the victors in the various events. Special boxes were given to Miss Heathcote for her help and efficient management of the Meet, and to Miss Barker, who so kindly acted as starter and judge of the diving.

—Helena Lawrence, *Swimming Manager*.

## Girls' Basketball

Basketball this season has met with its usual success. Out of a total of sixteen games, Mac succeeded in winning two! The scoring was brilliant, such results as 51-15 being quite common. Our passing was unexcelled—the ball passed us every time! It was with a sigh of relief that we played our last game, and realized that the season had closed. May next year's success be as complete! .

—Fern Marshall, *Basketball Manager*.

(But, after all, exercise is the thing, isn't it girls?—Ed.)

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Our congratulations to Waterfield, Mac's only boxing representative at the McGill Assault at Arms. He fought his way to the final, to lose to a man of much greater ring experience.

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### NOW NOW, GIRLS!

1. Why is Charlie's neck like a typewriter?  
*Ans.* Because its underwood.
2. *Dip.*—And how is the pretty milk maid this A.M.?  
*Haughty Country Girl*—It came from the cow as usual.
3. *Baz.*—That girl is dead from the neck up.  
*Jack S.*—Well she can bury her head in my arms anytime.
4. *Dr. McC - - t - y*—When addressing a professor it is customary to say "Sir." Now what is your name again?  
*B-lt-s*—Sir Charles B-lt-s.
5. Ned calls his girl appendicitis because everyone has had her out.
6. *Dr. McC - - t - y*—What can you tell me about nitrates?  
*Percy V.*—They are cheaper than day rates.
7. *Miss R - s - - ll*—Don't tell me you've been smoking!  
*Chorus*—All right, we won't.
8. *Ha - ris - n*—Why do you call your sweetie tonsilitis?  
*Tony*—Because she's beginning to give me a pain in the neck.
9. Sid's head is 11" long and he calls it a foot, but he doesn't use it as a rule.

—Junior Ads.

# THE LITERARY SOCIETY

## INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE

On Friday, February the 12th, representatives from Ontario Agricultural College and Ottawa University opened their debating tour through Eastern Canada at Macdonald.

The resolution: 'Resolved that in the Opinion of this House Conditions in Canada are Fundamentally Sound' was upheld by Macdonald—led by Mr. Monro and supported by Miss Johnson, and opposed by Mr. Garnett (O.A.C.) and Mr. Matte (Ottawa).

Mr. Monro opened the proceedings with a very excellent speech. He undoubtedly went to infinite pains to analyze the subject thoroughly, as was evidenced by his speech. He emphasized the fact that Canadian institutions such as the government and the banks are strong, if not stronger relatively than those of any other country in the world. He pointed out that if an economic crisis is imminent Canada has tremendous resources upon which she may fall back.

The leader of the negative, Mr. Garnett, gave us some very disheartening data regarding the financial state of the railroads; and lamented the load of national and municipal debts of Canada due to over capitalization.

Miss Johnson revived our drooping spirits, touching our sentiment with a well delivered speech which dealt with the social side of the proposition; we were made to recall the stock from which we come, and the benefits which we derive from Canada's unexcelled climate.

After disentangling himself from a number of disconnected rebuttals, Mr. Matte fell upon the evils of the racial question with relish, and his allusions to the geographical disadvantages from which this country suffers were received with studied attention.

The final rebuttal was chiefly a reiteration of the facts presented by the affirmative, whereupon the judges retired and returned a decision in favour of Macdonald.

The above criticism may appear somewhat 'clannish', but it was felt that although the visitors had the unpopular side of their first debate of the tour they failed to do justice to such a debatable topic.

—C. A. E.

## JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

The debate was held in the assembly room on the evening of February 3, on the interesting topic:—"Resolved that Student Government should be abolished at Macdonald College."

The Juniors were led by Mr. Magnus Pike and supported by Mr. Hemsley, while the negative was argued by Mr. Gilbert supported by Mr. Eaves.

The subject of the debate seemed to lend itself to a very enlightening discussion of a topic that has many interesting angles for both the staff and the student body. There was an opportunity for the staff to become very definitely acquainted with the reactions of the students to the form of student government as practiced in Macdonald.

However, those who went there with that expectation were destined, it is feared, to disappointment. Speaking generally the debate as a whole might be criticised as being too superficial, the speakers for the most part being apparently too hesitant about bringing out their most effective points. One wonders why! Students as a class are not usually overcome with timidity in stating a case in which they have as deep an interest as they presumably have in this. It would seem that generally speaking sufficient time and thought was not given to preparation and that this was more particularly true of the affirmative.

Speaking of the debaters themselves, the leaders on both sides showed more careful preparation and organization of their material than their supporters, the leader of the negative being the better of the two from this point of view, as well as from the standpoint of platform manner.

Of the supporters, he of the affirmative seemed to be very lacking in both the organization and control of his material. There was too much dependence upon notes and even the notes were not so arranged as to be easily available.

Lastly, there was a tendency to drop into what sounded like deliberately unkind personalities. When debating these should not be indulged in. The clever retort is permissible but the unkind personality tends to reduce the level of debate.

The judges were quite unanimous in awarding the debate to the negative.

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## THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

The above play, by Charles Hawtrey, was presented on December 9th before a large audience, and if one might judge the performance by the amount of laughter provoked, no further criticism would be necessary.

The efforts of H. A. U. Monroe as the Reverend Robert Spalding call for special mention, and we were almost persuaded that our worthy actor had really missed his vocation. Moreover it was felt by many that he gave a great degree of confidence to a cast with little stage experience.

R. Flood lost no time in impressing the weight of his personality upon us as a decidedly choleric uncle, instilling timidity

into the hearts of his audience and also, we fear, into that of his nephew, Cattermole Jr.

The supporting cast, the Misses Weeks, Borodensky, Golfmann, Bennett, and Messrs. Shewell, Chaplin and Hudston, deserve mention in that they all entered into the spirit of this highly amusing play with the zest which is so essential to a production of this type. Magnus Pyke's efforts as producer were well rewarded; and last, but not least, those behind the scenes upheld their reputation as 'no mean property men.'

—C. A. E.

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### THE DIPLOMA COURSE DEBATE

"Resolved that gardening is a more desirable hobby than golf," was the subject chosen for debate between the First and Second Years of the Diploma Course. The affirmative side was upheld by Messrs. A. Salkeld and E. A. Ellis of the First year, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. D. Faulkner and D. Clark of the Second year.

In the opinion of the judges the subject was well chosen and the debate as a whole of a slightly higher order than that of the previous year. As a team the affirmative lacked somewhat in material and preparation as well as debating experience. The negative on the other hand had plenty of material, some of which was considered irrelevant. Too much emphasis was also placed on material of little importance. The judges were unanimous in granting the decision to the negative.

—L. H.

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The fabled dangers of Leap Year lately threatened the peace of mind of the Inhabitants of the Mens' Residence. They were invited to a dance in the Girls' Gymnasium on Saturday Feb. 28th. After a preliminary attack of *debutant* and *ingenu* shyness, most of the men ventured across the campus, where their fears were quite allayed. The ladies, though persistent, behaved in a most 'gentlemanly' and restrained manner. The music was provided by Mr. Lyle Wright and his fellow musicians. Mr. Stevens is to be thanked for arranging a highly enjoyable 'Leap Year Frolic.'

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Our congratulations to Don Cameron on winning the 200 yds. Breast Stroke event at the McGill Inter-faculty Swimming Meet.